

The Screen Guilds' Magazine

In This Issue

▼
Eddie Cantor

Irvin S. Cobb

Trem Carr

Nunnally Johnson

Edwin Martin

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Other Notables

STARS and ASTEROIDS

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The Screen Guilds' Magazine

Published Jointly by the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America and the Screen Actors' Guild

"Now is the Time..."

Could we borrow, beg or filch a can of the secret liquid, recently tested in the East, we would dissipate the fog that hangs over Hollywood. At no time within the history of motion pictures has there been a greater need for clear vision. Many churchmen, doubtless, are sincere in their attack upon the screen, while professional reformers have climbed on the bandwagon. They have selected a time when the world, by a narrow margin, is emerging from economic destruction, to attack one of the world's greatest industries—just as they selected war times to put across the most destructive law ever written in the statutes of this country.

There are, however, rifts in the present cloud. The Rosenblatt report is heartening, particularly in the tabling of salary control. For the Guilds, it is a major victory. Also, as pointed out in an article by Mr. Cantor, the Guilds have joined hands publicly in publishing THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE. A happy alliance. Since the meeting in the El Capitan Theatre, many months ago, the Guilds have been "keeping company." And were it not for the censors, we would suggest that they are already blessed with progeny—the Agency Committee and the twin "Five and Five" Committees. If the latter show the disposition and accomplishment of the former, the four thousand members of the Guilds will be with producers in a brain trust which will serve more surely than any chemical to dissipate fog.

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Courtesy of the L.A. Library Lunch Room

A HAND FROM HOLLAND

Whatever you may think, this is not a picture of the Executive Board having a bit of fun playing Old Dutch. It is a milestone in guild history.

It is "The Syndics of the Cloth Hall Guild" painted in 1661 by Mynheer Rembrandt van Rijn and it now hangs in the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. The boys of the 1661 guild were not seeing spots as the above oeuvre might lead you to suspect. The spots are a modern note born of time and tussle and what the guilds have been up against.

Guilds, as you may gather from the 1661 date, go back 300 years—aye, 400 years—while academies, as the history of painting proves, are not long lived. The guilds, heads or tails, are here to stay.

Puritan / Pagan

The Church has been victorious. The picture industry has acknowledged defeat, pleaded guilty and accepted probation. We now realize that all the while the American people didn't really want the type of entertainment it patronized most heavily. Why this apparent condition?

The answer, friends, is the American Conscience, that curious phenomenon, half-Puritan, half-pagan, which every now and then goes into such strange pretzel-twirls. Remember how it voted dry and drank wet? Well, at the moment it is all smoked up about the movies. Maybe you heard.

The chief trouble with the American Conscience is that it cannot draw the line anywhere. Granted readily that "Sadie's Stepins" and "Flesh Aflame" were dirty pictures which should never have been made (although the American Conscience went for them in shoals), where does the American Conscience get off, denouncing two such really fine numbers as "It Happened One Night" and "Of Human Bondage"?

Therein lies the danger of censorship: give a censor an inch and he'll take the Atlantic Cable. Long ago the dramatists and the publishers found this out. They refused to take it lying down, however, and by jumping into the ring whenever they got a chance, they soon had censorship bleeding on the ropes.

The motion picture industry, however, capitulated instantly because it had conscience trouble of its own. It would seem that there is nothing else for the creative branches of the industry to do but follow suit for the time being. Perhaps we can take advantage of the precedents of history.

Perhaps, if the producers eliminate the little family pastorals like "Sadie's Stepins" and "Flesh Aflame," as well as "sophisticated touches," "hot dialogue," "shock comedy," "display sequences" and other such *tours de force*, there will be no need for the Puritan half of the American Conscience to get exercised over our efforts.

Then, when it tries to put the blast on the next "It Happened One Night" or "Of Human Bondage" that comes along, the pagan half will yawn and say:

"Aw, nuts! Isn't Mae West down at the Bijou tonight?"



Drawing by McGowan Miller

The Editors present the first picture ever drawn of MR. CANTOR with his eyes shut.

The Wedding

It was bound to come—this wedding of the writer and the actor! Here's hoping that their first offspring, the new **SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE**, will grow up to be a lusty and healthy addition to our motion picture family.

I've always maintained that an actor is only as good as the words that are given him by a writer. You fellows who wield pens and typewriters mean so much to us actors. We can't get along without you. On the other hand, try getting along without us!

That's why this merger of writers and actors for a joint publication must make for a long and successful life of the new **SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE**. The last issue was a grand effort. Now, with the brilliant members of the Screen Writers' Guild maintaining their high standard of contributions in the new publication, and the actor being accorded the privilege of having his little say in its columns, we hope it will hold even more interest for its readers.

As President of the Screen Actors' Guild I extend my blessings to the wedding of the writers and the actors. May there never be grounds for divorce.

EDDIE CANTOR.

Death Rattle

THE LAST attempt of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to save producers from having to bargain with writers under Government auspices is feeble and hollow, scarcely worthy of the large pretenses of the Academy when it was in its heyday.

Last week, on the eve of opening conferences between the Writer-Producer Five and Five Committees, the writers' branch of the Academy resuscitated the old writer-producer agreement of 1932, and adorning it with shiny new signatures, sent it broadcast into a bored industry.

The document stated in appropriate terms that the producers had been sort of lax in living up to it after it was signed but since it had been called to their attention they had all promised to be good boys and to try to live up to it once more. The general implication of the document was a kind of plaintive admonition to writers, "Hey, fellas—what d'you want to go and get worked up about another agreement when we got one here that's brand new and ain't never been used."

The producer attitude in this comedy of attempted seduction is not new and needs little comment. The Academy was founded by them as an instrument to frustrate self-directed efforts of the talent classes in the industry to obtain equitable conditions. The Academy has consistently maintained this role from the beginning to its present enfeebled state. From a realistic point of view there is scarcely anything even reprehensible about it. The producers know what they want and frankly indulge in traditional tactics, adorned with all the familiar fancy didoes of producer ethics to attain their objectives.

But when the question of ethics is brought into the matter, it becomes time for the writers of Hollywood to give serious consideration to the remaining handful of their craft in the Academy who are willing to lend themselves to this attempted betrayal of the interests of the overpowering majority.

There is plenty of room in the picture industry for diverse opinion and point of view on any question. Among the nine writer signatures appended to this new Academy document, which is almost half the entire Academy purely writer membership, there are some who have shown every indication of a sincere and frank belief in the Academy's type of organization, and have taken its professed objectives to be its real ones. For such men we can have only respect, however

(Continued On Page Twenty-six)

The Independents

By

TREM CARR

Who are the independents whose pictures now and again steal the show? Mr. Carr, president of the Independent Motion Picture Producers Association and vice-president of Monogram Pictures, at the request of the Editors, explains this important branch of the industry.

THE PAST FEW YEARS have seen a considerable change in the field of independent production, and have witnessed the definite re-alignment of independent producers into two principal groups.

Where formerly there were only the majors and the "quickies," there are now three classifications: The major companies—those belonging to the Hays organization; the major independents—those with definite releasing schedules and established distributing organizations; and the "quickie" producers—with whom the term "independent" was formerly synonymous.

The last group is composed of producers with no definite program and, also, the fly-by-night promoters, who make pictures on a shoe-string with no assured release.

Many of this group produce cheap "sex" melodramas which pander to the more vicious elements of the populated centers and do irreparable harm to the industry itself. On the other hand, some of the "quickie" group are sincerely endeavoring to make a passable product—striving for personal recognition or a major release. It is the disreputable class that has given the "quickie" production a bad name.

The new order of things came about in this way: During the period of prosperity, the production costs at many major plants became excessively high. With the depression, and the advent of double-billing, came a greater market for less expensively produced pictures, and brought about the organization of several new companies, operating on short schedules and with greater production economy.

Exhibitors were crying for cheaper pictures. Yet, if they were to be shown on a double bill, or in first-run houses, they must measure up to a high standard. The independent companies in the top brackets were able to fill the demand. Eliminating much of the deadwood of the major companies by cutting out permanent overhead, and making each picture carry its entire cost, these independents brought in a quality production on a budget far below that of their major competitors.

(Continued On Page Twenty-two)

HANDS

By Bessie Lasky

HANDS of the mist—

Small, white jade ornaments
gleaming on fretted harp-strings,
pale with the music of fawns.

HANDS of the toiler—

Brawny-lumped, turning over soil,
working to feed the world,
and to enrich Nature's growth.

HANDS of the slayer—

Mangled, gnarled, snuffing out breath
of Life, to fructify his own desires.

HANDS of the virgin—

Pale, tapering, submissive; crossed
gently over untouched bosoms of purity.

HANDS of the sinner—

Bold, stunted, groping wantonly,
for lust in the fleshpots of life.

HANDS of the builder—

Sturdy, powerful, twisting steel
under the sky, for the refuge of man.

HANDS of the white sister—

Soft, decisive, protective, telling her
beads for the glorification of souls.

HANDS of the fallen one—

Tangled, disjointed, playing with tinsel,
like a child reaching for stars.

HANDS of the Creator—

All-powerful, divine, ever recasting the
mould of human destiny and understanding.

HANDS of His children—

Hopeful, obedient, patient,
reaching thru spans of Time, until
one day the whole may be perfected.

DRAMATIC ART

By Lawrence E. Sterner

Screen censorship is under fire. What are "decent" and "indecent" pictures? That is the question. Our "czar" censor apparently knows little or nothing of Dramatic Art or her offspring, Poetic Justice. Consequently the decent and the indecent, the refined and vulgar, are exhibited generally in hopeless confusion. Poetic Justice—of which even "Three Little Pigs" may be mentioned as a shining example—is the only safe guide when judging purity and impurity in film, stage or any dramatic production. None but artists of true distinction are therefore competent critics and worthy censors, where censorship is advisable. Such artists are rare.

American Epic

By

NUNNALLY JOHNSON

THE AMERICAN EPIC in the Movies is generally a story based on a compass point. It is a masterpiece in which the general trend of the characters is West. This makes it easy to spot the villain: he's the man who wants to head East. An eastbound character is obviously a swine; a westbound family is the salt of the earth, the backbone of America, and as dull a group of people as you'd be likely to find in a day's run.

The American epic is rarely premeditated. It springs from a few moments of discouraged silence when the story that was originally planned begins to come unglued. It is then that someone heaves a sigh of regret and says, "Oh, what the hell, let's go on and make an American epic out of it." This is a fine constructive idea, for what the boys have now got is, briefly, no story, and if there is anything that looks like an American epic it is, briefly, no story.

What they have is a series of incidents which don't seem to belong even on the same lot, much less in the same picture. Converting the mess into an epic solves everything; the incidents can now be used with a clear conscience; date titles, "1909," "1919," and "1929," show that all loose ends to the narrative have been straightened out during the lap dissolves.

If the subsequent development of the story and picture varies at all it is only in unimportant detail. Most of the account is standardized and immutable. For instance, an epic takes in three generations; this is obligatory. In the beginning the leading role is "Wayne Garfinkle" as a boy; he has a father, a mother, and a sister with a weakness for being attacked. They are all headed West.

About the middle of the epic Wayne Garfinkle is the star of the picture in the full burst of young manhood; gaffer is dead, mother has aged 75 years since the last sequence, and the sister is still on the run, one jump ahead of a new crop of seducers. Now comes all that there is of the plot: Wayne, a true blue westbound man, is in love with a girl who wants to head East. They solve the situation by settling down in Kansas City in a log cabin which is today the site of the union depot.

In the last third of the picture Wayne is 185 years old and prematurely bent double. He wears enough powder in his hair to whiten Sally Rand's carcass for ten nights running. His mother is

(Continued On Page Twenty-two)

Out of the Frying Pan Into the Hollywood

By IRVIN S. COBB

THE EAST, when I fled from it, was in smother and turmoil. Mr. Samuel Insull, having run out of oceans, was on his way back, declaring that his one desire was to come right on home to vindicate himself and fighting like a tiger every step of the way. General Hugh (NRA) Johnson, the Living Year of the Big Wind, was suffering from severe throat trouble, due to having a set of Presidential fingers suddenly wrapped firmly around his poor tired goozle, and was reported to be learning the Indian sign-talk with a view to being adopted into the Navajo tribe under the title of Chief Sick Blue Eagle. Mr. Ogden Mills was shrilly proclaiming that if F. D. R. were running against Hoover this coming fall, Hoover would this time carry the nation practically by acclamation, thus proving that as a prophet Mr. Mills is the kind of person who, as between San Francisco and the Earthquake, would have picked San Francisco to win. But when Mr. Mills devoted his attention to rebuilding his organization in the State of New York, he had the popular approval because if there were no Republican party in New York it would be necessary to create one in order that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, may continue to be maintained in the style to which he is accustomed.

Still farther eastward, in foreign parts, the world was in an even worse snarl.

In Paris, the annual spring riots, or folk dances, still ran on and on, because when you start a lot of Frenchmen demonstrating against a lot of Frenchmen for behaving like a lot of Frenchmen, there's no telling where the thing will stop. In Berlin, the Nazis were getting ready to sort of house-clean with the aid of some machine guns and the local undertaking parlors; and between volleys the leaders were proclaiming that this merely was the start—that sooner or later Hitler's ideals would prevail throughout the globe. But I said to myself, maybe so, but nothing on earth is ever going to make me wear one of those mustaches that looks as though it either just had crawled down out of his nose, or else is iust fixing to crawl right back up. I'll die in my tracks first. Curious, when you come to think of it, that the same country which produced Santa Claus also had to produce that young fellow? In London, the whole town was aflame because somebody shot a cop—didn't kill him, mind you, merely shot him here and there. Can you imagine it? Can you and Johnnie Dillinger,



either one or both of you. imagine it? In Italy, Mussolini (O. K. for Sound) and Dollfuss (he screens beautifully) were putting their heads together with a view presumably to knocking somebody else's head off later. Early in April prospects generally for another great European war had measurably brightened once more, but the Powers concerned seemed to lose interest in the project on discovering we wouldn't choose to pay for this one.

And so on and so forth.

So, seeking for peace and quiet somewhere in a distracted universe, I set my face westward. It's hard to set my face sometimes, but once you get it set, it stays set. However I might as well confess I had a secondary ambition to turn me yearningly hitherward. I've always greatly admired Miss Claudette Colbert, and as soon as I heard she was fixing to play Cleopatra, I was seized with an intense craving to hurry on out and apply for the job of being the lucky asp—either playing the part as a straight

Egyptian character asp, or if desired, as a Silly Asp type with adenoids and a monocle. But on second thought I knew that with Cecil de Mille directing, he'd never be content with one little skimpy asp coming on in a dish of figs to do the necessary biting—not that boy. He'd hire Barnum and Bailey's parade to bring in a Thunder Lizard concealed in a carload of watermelons. I remembered his "Sign of the Cross," where every lion had his choice of at least three Christians for lunch in the arena—two slick ones and one wooly one. I never got so sick of table d'hôte Christians being eaten in my whole life before, because say what you will, when you've seen one fur-bearing Christian martyr worked up into a Blue Plate Special for a stage-struck lion, lads, you've seen 'em all. And as for that scene where those nine thousand she-asses were being painstakingly milked for Poppea's bath—well, if a severe thunderstorm had come up about that time all Ancient Rome would have clabbered solid and Nero could have gone into the dairy business and mopped up.

Be all that as it may, as I was just saying when I wandered off among Cecil de Mille and the she-asses, if I really wanted peace and quiet, what I should have done, instead of heading this way, was to have gone up and stayed up. Because when I landed in pastoral Hollywood, expecting to find it drowsing amid its palmettos and Garbos, what did I find?

Did I find a sylvan spot so dedicated to calm slumbering that, according to some of the returned New York writers, they serve cocaine with the conventional caviar out here and all the guests at a typical Film Colony party go to sleep in the soup course?

I did not!

Nothing but excitement!

Deacon Will Hays was dashing madly to and fro, seeking, in fair cinema's name, to popularize that haunting refrain from an old ballad of our people which runs: "She is More to be Pitied than Censored." But for the moment, so far as the man in the street was concerned, Will was right in at one ear and right out of the other.

According to rumor, they'd just opened a fresh crate of Mdvani brothers, the shipment having been rushed through from overseas to meet a revived demand on the American market.

Will Rogers had turned legitimate actor and was getting ready to play

(Continued On Page Twenty)

Letter from a Self-Made Screen Writer to His Son

MY SON:

Today you are eighteen, and in four years you will finish grammar school. You are blessed with many advantages which your poor father has had to do without, and the greatest of these is an education.

Equipped as you are by knowledge of how to read and write, your path will not be as hard as mine was; and you will have the bulge on most supervisors. I find that many of my trials and tribulations have been trying to teach them to understand English.

There are a few simple rules which I must hand down to you, if you intend to follow in my footsteps. I am not suggesting that you become a writer because there are many fields more lucrative, such as plumbing, gas fitting, and getting an appointment to a censor board. To be a plumber, or a gas fitter, you must know something—so that practically eliminates those two vocations for you. Come to think about it, you'd better be a writer because you will be too intelligent to be a censor. Most of them never went to grammar school.

There are a few things I want you to remember, if you become a writer. These will save you many heartaches.

The first is to get a hinge in the neck.

The second is to exercise your vocal chords. If you have time when you finish grammar school, I would like to send you some place where you could take a course in hog calling. This would serve you in good stead in a story conference, as the man with the loudest and strongest voice gets the longest assignment.

The third is to learn all the smutty stories. I have a book all indexed that I am going to will to you. They will make any supervisor laugh. There is a certain technique about telling a smutty story. When you tell a story or a gag, be sure to start to laugh and continue to laugh for at least five minutes before you spring it. This will put the supervisor in a good humor; and if it is one he hasn't heard before, he will probably forget that he was going to fire you.

Fourth, when you tell a good story be sure to have a topper. If the supervisor laughs, tell him you can clean it up so that it can be used in pictures. Nothing makes such a hit with a producer as a cleaned-up smutty story (ask the bishops, rabbis, and ministers for the truth of this statement).

Fifth, never suggest anything new that has never been done before. If you suggest a gag or a situation, be sure that

By **JOHNNIE GREY**

you have seen it in some picture and know the audience's reaction because nothing makes a supervisor so sore as to have to pioneer with new material. It is not fair to the producer.

Sixth, be sure and go to all the picture shows. This might sound like extravagance, but it serves a two-fold purpose. It brings money into the box office (and they sure need it) and supplies you with material so that you can prove that the material you are suggesting is good. In this way, you are fore-armed when a producer asks you if a thing is funny or not. You can tell him that they rolled in the aisles. He has no argument left.

After you have digested these rules, my son, there is one other thing to re-



"It's Filbert Gumpus. He tried to reorganize Mastoid."

GUARDIAN OF THE PORTALS

By Gertrude Orr

Child, what seek you?
What gifts of Fate?
Fame or fair Renown?

You are passing young
To ask for Understanding's silver tongue
Or the artist's pallette
Stained with pain
Of the heart's deep unsatisfied longings.
Have you Courage and Faith
And unfaltering Belief?
If not, go quickly before it's too late.

There is no place here
In the Heroes' Hall
For those who snivel or rail
Once you are caught in Ambition's toil
She mercilessly claims your all.

You can take what you will,
But pay with good grace,
Or be satisfied with the Commonplace.

member. You must know the language of the screen.

Gag—Any bit of business that has been used before and that audiences have laughed at in other pictures.

Hokum—Your principal stock in trade. But never use this word in story conference.

Business—What you tell a producer "hokum" is.

Hundred and Eight—A term used to signify a pratt-fall done by a comic or double who lands on the back of his neck.

High Gruesome—A bigger and better fall than an hundred and eight.

Lousy—What the supervisor says about the story. What the director says about the cast. What the writer says about the director. What the actor says about the supervisors, writers, directors, cutters, supporting cast, etc. What the audience thinks about most pictures.

Mo—A facial adornment for the upper lip. See Hitler, Chaplin.

Muff—A thicket of hair behind which most bad actors hide their defects.

Plot—The part of the story generally left on the cutting room floor to make room for the star's closeups.

Take—Director's word for any reaction "Take it big."

Weenie—The crux of picture writing. The Weenie is the thing everyone in the picture is after—the mortgage on the old home—the patent papers—or the other half of the formula. Weenie makes the world go round.

Yes—The most important word in the writer's vocabulary.

My son, when you are armed with the above list of terms, you can not help but fool them. Success will be yours if you do as I say. Now study hard.

Your loving father,

WILL GUMPUS,

Mastoid Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mr. Will Gumpus,
Mastoid Studios,
Hollywood, California.

I am quitting school today. Your son,
FILBERT.

Filbert Gumpus,
Boyle Heights,
Los Angeles, California.

Good. Come home and be a supervisor.

WILL.

Wagon Sickness

By WILLARD MACK

UPON the night of January 26th, Mrs. Mack and I returned home after a busy day at the studio (what day is not) and, having another one just ahead of me, I rolled into the blankets early. I woke up about 2 o'clock feeling that two trunks of Menjou's wardrobe were resting on my chest. I sat upright, and then lay down again for the very good reason that I couldn't sit upright. My own personal physician has a residence some twelve miles away from our own and I wanted a medico in a hurry, so we called in a stranger who proved to be a very clever man. He found my heart doing 116 and my blood pressure 108 (which meant that I was about forty points off what I should be).

Now, understand, I hadn't had a drink of anything in a trifle over eleven months, to put and keep myself in perfect condition I had climbed aboard and clung persistently to a front seat on the water cart. So that when the good old doc informed me that my entry was scratched for any immediate races, you have some idea of how I felt. I had just finished my work with Anna Sten in "Nana" and Sam Goldwyn set aside my contract for three months and told me to get well.

Now began a period in my life which I had never endured before. My appetite was good, my head was clear, and that let me out. I could not climb stairs; I couldn't walk a city block without resting. I could not do anything but sit in a chair and look out the window, with an occasional ride up and down the surf; but a sickness such as mine produces quite some few comedy effects.

For instance, I had a nurse, a dear, sweet lady who would arrive in the morning about 7 o'clock, put on her uniform, and then begin the day with: "Wasn't it terrible about Mr. McGraw; I heard you speak of him; and the way he died; not much older than you, was he? . . . And you knew Mr. James Corbett, too; he died just last winter, you remember; he had a cancer; I've often wondered if that little mark on your lip could be cancer." And so the day passed with her.

Then again, one morning I looked out of the window and saw quite a gathering on the lawn. I called Bebe into the room and asked her what in the name of God were all those people doing down there? Was the doctor putting bulletins on the house? She replied, "No, Bill dear, those are tourists. They heard you were

Plea for Humility

By MARY McCARTHY

IN THE ashes of many a studio incinerator lie the scripts which should have been "shot."

Fluttering down upon them are the angrily crumpled reviews of the pictures made from the "revised" scripts:—"The usual routine story, stilted acting, dialogue of the three-a-day vaudeville pattern," etc.

The eye travels upward to the credits above the review. A splendid cast is there, a good director and at least four of the best writing craftsmen in Hollywood. Those directly concerned remember the long, hectic search for that particular story, the countless originals, plays, novels that were rejected, the revisions, the doctoring, the enthusiastically hailed gags injected at the last moment, and the final script—all cured and tightened, and given at least seven original twists.

But the trade papers are neither polite nor kind:—"Old stuff . . . version 862 of Madame X, or Cinderella, or The Little Match Girl."

Why? Because of that passion for interference, that phobia for putting in "the big punch" regardless of whether it fits or not, of whether it will automatically nullify or distort (by ridiculous juxtaposition) the natural, inherent drama already in the script, that mania for "snapping up the dialogue," until utterly inappropriate characters are talking like literary machine guns or ineptly smart-cracking—for no other reason than that some one in authority thought the scene needed lifting, when what the farmer really should have said was, "I'm going to get a drink of water."

No wonder some of the grandest troupers in the business give "stilted performances" or are let down with the kinder, "Miss So-and-So was obviously miscast."

The passion players at Oberammer-

dying and they want to get your autograph before you go."

Then, for the finish, when the doctor said I might return to work, and that if I took care of myself, it was just possible I might infest the talking picture business for years to come, I said to him, honestly and sincerely: "Tell me, doctor; after trying as hard as I have to take care of my health the past year, please tell me the cause of this awful breakdown?" And neighbors, he looked me right in the eye and said in cold blood: "Mr. Mack, you went too long without stimulants."

gau might find their style a bit cramped too, if their dialogue got the usual new treatment. The greater the actress or actor, the greater the ham, when badgered into insincere performances.

The "ham" is at home in florid dialogue, in "big situations," in thunderous drama. The pseudo-sophisticated "ham" is equally at home in the deliberately negligent stance (tapping the inevitable cigarette on the silver case and clipping out consciously tailored repartee with the air of little Jack Horner and his famous plum.

But the real artists of stage or screen are at home only in the dialogue of nuance, in the drama of understatement. It is just because they have something peculiarly individual to give, something spiritually and emotionally glorious, perse to express that they blunder hopelessly when given roles in which too much already has been said, in which the Wagnerian drums are heard when an artist would prefer the lonely flute.

The author, the continuity writer, should be allowed to give them situations merely pregnant with drama, emotion, comedy—and not be forced into the role of premature mid-wife, delivering as well as creating.

Humility and Hollywood are as incongruous as kindergarten and sophistication. Yet there was a time, short-lived and hysterical, when humility, a lovely stranger, walked through Hollywood. That was during the feverish period of transition from silent to talking pictures.

Producers, actors, directors, writers suddenly found themselves akin to true artists—they wanted to learn, and they knew excitement. But before the newly born spirit of artistic inquiry, of unhandicapped creative search, had had a chance to take three long breaths, **TECHNIQUE** was in the front office, cigar tilted upward again and fist banging the conference table: "Don't tell me! I've had fifteen years experience in this business."

We need a period of uncertainty again, of artistic betting on a pair of fours before the draw, of remembering that frequently the script which reads the best films the worst, because it has substituted geometric exactitude for imaginative suggestion.

There is yet to be written a finer definition of great acting than: "She spoke every line as though it had just occurred to her." Nor could the dialogue writer follow a better principle than to write every line as though it had just occurred to *his* characters.

The Painful Vainful

By JOHN BRIGHT

UNLIKE any employee group ever heard of, the Screen Writers' Guild has met its chief opposition from within. The bugaboo operating against progressive action hasn't been inertia, or fatty degeneration of the heart. Nor confused, chicken-gutted leadership. It has been the attitude of the screen writer towards his craft.

Behind every decent constructive idea coming before the membership has lurked the menacing sandbag of the tilted nose—as phoney as a vaudeville Cyrano's, and not at all pathetic.

I think I've warred as exhaustingly and expensively with supervisors in the past few years as any scenario writer in this business. And I agree that the executive department is the least competent department of the industry. Yet I am beginning to believe that the criticism, comic and serious, of the supervisory system coming from writers has been rooted in hypocrisy.

We've yelled about producer stupidity and cupidity, we've screamed about golden spikes being driven through our hands, we've went into our champagne about the domination of Art by the Philistines. Actually, what we hate and fear is the collective idea.

Hence we are today a queer and anachronistic lot. In a society arranging itself, through necessity, every minute more collective and cooperative, the writer stands aloof on one hoof—spinning webs of idiotic "logic" about his special singularity.

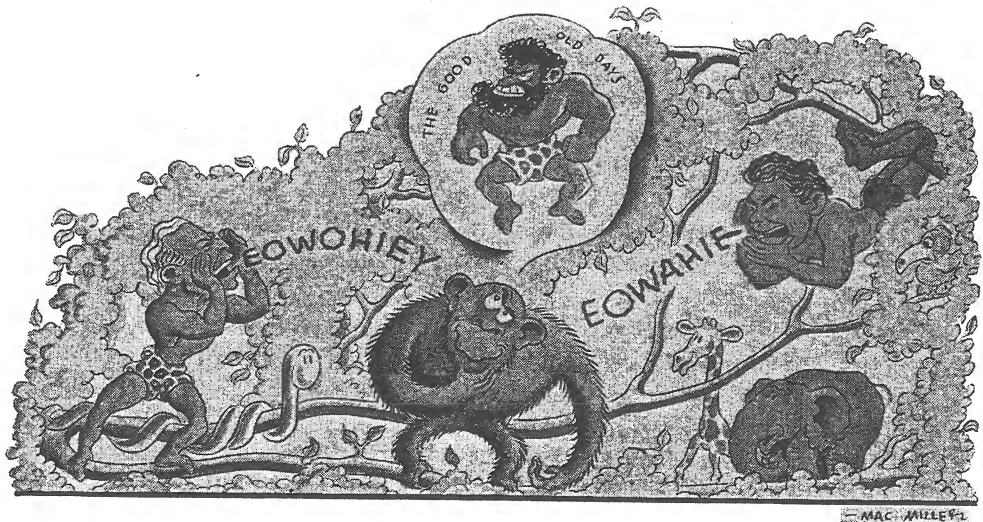
An actor is as singular in his performance as any writer; so is a director, so is a cameraman. So even, may the saints forgive, is a producer.

Despite the familiar, and at times trying vanity of the actor, he does bow-hams and great artists alike—to the superior importance of his craft. "The show must go on," is no hollow sob-song. Likewise with the other divisions of the cinema theatre.

Yet only the writer puts his personal ego above his work. And this is, I maintain, the principal reason for any ineffectiveness we may have as an employee organization. We buck unconsciously against every attempt to unionize us. We won't be "artists in uniform."

Labor regimentation may be all right for Pullman porters and longshoremen, even for actors and photographers; but, we arrogantly assume: "We are the elected of the earth."

I say it's spinach. We're workers in a collective industry in a cooperative society—and the sooner we get off our high-chair and learn to stand on our feet, solidly together, the sooner we will be accorded the rights of men.



Tarzan Talks to Himself

By McGOWAN MILLER

Illustration by the Author

Characters:

Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller
Buster "Tarzan" Crabbe
The Ape.

Scene—The Brown Derby Restaurant in the heart of Hollywood. Seated at a booth at the left is Buster "Tarzan" Crabbe, doing quite nicely by a filet of beef. At the rise of the curtain, Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller is seen swinging from a chandelier past a glass case, from which he snatches a plate of French pastry. Leaping nimbly over a bowing waiter he pauses beside Crabbe's booth and pulls a salad fork from his belt:

Johnny—EEowowahoe! Hello, Tarzan. How's tricks?

Buster—Eyewahohoo! O, Tarzan, sit down and rest your arms. I hear you had a little trouble over at the studio the other day.

Johnny—You mean about getting my lions mixed?

Buster—No, no, I understand that the property men forgot to put up the safety net for the apes.

Johnny—Yeah, the boys wouldn't work. But how about that fire you were in last week?

Buster—Fire?

Johnny—Stubby was telling me that one of the cannibals dropped a cigarette butt in the swamp and burnt it up.

Buster—No damage to speak of. Just a couple of the alligators got the paint scorched off. By the way, are you going down to Palm Springs this week-end?

Johnny—Naw. Gotta work. Late on our shooting schedule. You see, some dumb carpenter dropped a chisel on the hippo and punctured it.

Buster—Well, I always claimed you'd

get better mileage out of wooden hippos than rubber ones.

Johnny—Then on top of that those wild pygmies ruined a couple thousand feet of film.

Buster—One of them forgot to take off his wrist watch?

Johnny—Worse. In the middle of the ceremonial scene two of 'em got excited by the tom-toms and cut loose with a tap routine.

Buster—Yeah, it's a tough life. (Eyewahohoo! Waiter bring me a slug of Boston cream pie.) You ought to hear my new bull-ape yodel. The sound mixer took the last chorus of Cab Calloway's new "Skiddle-de-wattle" number and dubbed in Ed Wynn's "SOOoooo," then ran it backwards. It's a darb. You'll hear it in my next picture.

Johnny—That doesn't sound so hot. The warble I'm using is REALLY blood-curdling. We fed one of the elephants a lot of welsh rare-bit, pickles and peanuts. That night he had a swell night-mare and the boys got a sound track. The result of that, run backwards, will really wow 'em.

(At this point a loud ripping noise is heard. The front door disappears hastily, and a dapper young ape swaggers in dragging a waiter by the collar—.)

Johnny and Buster (in chorus): EEya-hoo-waey!!

The Ape—Hey, which one of you guys thinks he's Tarzan?

Johnny and Buster—(in chorus): Me Tarzan!

The Ape—Now, now, boys, don't get me excited. I'll get my make-up all streaked.

Johnny and Buster—(In chorus as they arise from the table): EEwetteiwa-hoo! (They exit.)

CURTAIN

WORDS OF WISDUMB

By MAL MERRITT

HOLLYWOOD—

Where men are men—in the jungle pictures!

* * *

Where the wine of life turns quickly to vanilla!

* * *

Where the humble hide their lights under bushels—when a thimble is large enough!

* * *

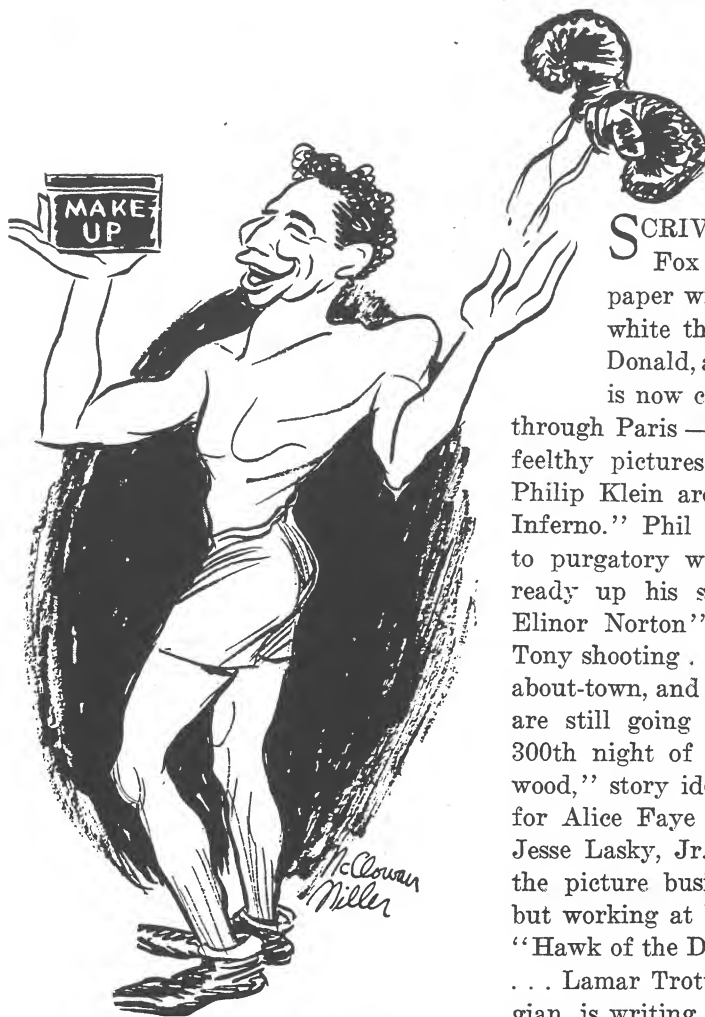
Where you may be just another pebble on the beach—still somebody's always trying to use you for a stepping-stone!

* * *

Where success hardens more muscles than any amount of exercise—especially around the heart and head!

* * *

Where Fortune's smile sometimes turns out to be a sneer!



The Old Love, and the New

Fox

By ARGUS

SCRIVENERS are all busy at Fox Hollywood blackening paper with pure words and lily-white thoughts . . . Philip MacDonald, author of "Lost Patrol," is now conducting Charlie Chan through Paris — and no peep shows or feelthy pictures . . . Lester Cole and Philip Klein are sweating in "Dante's Inferno." Phil occasionally escapes into purgatory with Tony McFadden to ready up his screen play "State Vs. Elinor Norton" for production, with Tony shooting . . . Bill Conselman, man-about-town, and Hank (Ha-ha) Johnson, are still going strong after about the 300th night of "365 Nights In Hollywood," story idea by Jimmy Starr and for Alice Faye and Jimmy Dunn . . . Jesse Lasky, Jr., who has a relative in the picture business, is on the payroll but working at home on a treatment of "Hawk of the Desert," an Arabian opus . . . Lamar Trotti, the well known Georgian, is writing a screen play under the title of "Bachelor of Arts," a novel by John Erskine . . . Sally Sandlin, who used to be the voice with a smile on Bob Yost's telephone, is now working on "Dice Woman," by Wilson and Anzette Collison . . . Dudley Nichols is working on a Hungarian novel for a couple of weeks before heading for that Connecticut trout farm . . . Great doings in the Spanish Department at Fox, where Edward T. Lowe, Jr., supervises preparation of Spanish scripts under Jack Stone's eagle eye. Such well known Spaniards as Raymond Van Sickle and Bob Ellis are writing scripts for Eddie. Also a couple of Americans, Jose Lopez Rubio and Martinez-Sierra, the latter being the noble author of "Cradle Song" and the envied husband of Catalina Barcena . . . Old Bob Yost as usual sits in the crow's nest and ruminates . . . The Fox Hollywood writing staff is patting itself on the back on two accounts—first because no stories are on the schedule which would agitate a censor, and second because Sol M. Wurtzel is breaking precedents by handing everybody two weeks' vacation—with pay . . . Producers—please copy!

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Warner Brothers

By MANEUL SEFF

WHEN Prexy Ralph Block returned to his Burbank desk, he found it littered with photographs of Boulder Dam. Sy Bartlett appeared from under the photos, giving Der Fuehrer a rousing welcome . . . Erwin Gelsey has just learned that Beaudelaire dyed his hair pink, which makes Erwin so happy . . . Laird Doyle, father of the late Conan Doyle, still collects royalties from the Sherlock Holmes books. Laird, who is quite a collector, is also saving F-N salary checks . . . Warren Duff, back from New York vacation, told the boys it's a great town to visit, but he wouldn't live there, etc. . . . Austin Parker, home again, is adapting the next Kay Francis picture with a man named Luke . . . Eli W. Jibbers, trying to get studio jobs for his four sisters, two uncles and father-in-law. To date: No runs, no hits, no errors . . . Carl Erickson itching to take on some top tennis lads. Has developed a new backhand . . . F. Hugh Herbert (literary dept.) and Hugh Herbert (acting dept.) getting each other's mail. Have enough on each to keep them both quiet . . . Brown Holmes, recently benedicted, attending dozens of auction sales. For local color, not furniture . . . Somebody sabotaged Earl Baldwin's beer. His little Mary dares anyone try it again . . . Eli W. Jibbers ate all the Egyptian pheasant in the lunch room the other day. He's been barred until further notice . . . Tom Buckingham elected best-looking man in Writers' Building. Eli W. Jibbers demands recount . . . Gene Solow wears size 18 shirts, but can't make the two ends meet . . . Duo of ladies now in F-N writing dept., Mary McCall having been added to Lillie Hayward . . . Theodore Reeve arrives from New York with contract, and promptly places order for two quarts of milk daily . . . Eli W. Jibbers elected best-looking man in Writers' Building. Tom Buckingham demands recount . . . Niven Busch reluctantly denies any relationship to Annheuser . . . Charlie Kenyon's play, "Kindling," picked by Julian Harris as one of America's best . . . Lawrence Hazard dieting. Studio cafe profits take sharp drop . . . Five thousand buck reward offered to anyone who can get Benny Markson excited . . . Bob Lee back from holiday with that schoolboy complexion.

Her Voice

In the glory of the sunset,
When sky and sea are one
And silhouetted fancies
A web of gold have spun;

When all the world is silent
Save the booming of the waves
And distant hills, so sombre,
Like hermits in their caves,

Have paused in hush of evening
To say a little prayer,
I hear my wife call sternly—
"Charles, the dishes still are there!"
—C. Tarbell.

Temptation

By GEORGE SAYRE

SHE spoke to me from the depths of those black pools of ineffable mystery which were her eyes.

"Choose," she seemed to say. And there was in her voice that which made me know that the moment had arrived when I must decide.

I was troubled. How could I choose between the deliriously delectable delights which she offered me—which she yielded to me with a gesture of passionate surrender.

I looked into her lambent eyes. The message that shone forth was unmistakable—inevitable.

"Choose," she pleaded. But—how could I? How could I decide?

My heart raced and the pulse throbbed with insane fury in my temples, beating down the barriers of my reason—shattering the ramparts of my resistance. I was wavering on the brink of a lofty precipice and below me billowed vast, formless masses of soft, roseate clouds. I felt that I must fall, yes!—that I must submit, and something within me whispered that it would be sweet—so sweet. But still I fought against my weakening desire. Thoughts of my boyhood and the doctrine of my parents flashed through my whirling head. I could not decide.

"Choose," murmured her eyes, and there was in them a note of yearning tenderness—of desperate appeal.

"Damn the woman!" I cried in my soul. "Why must she tempt me?"

Yet even as I cried, I yielded. My throat was parched. My lips trembled pitifully, my eyes protruded bulbously from burning sockets.

I lifted a shaking finger and pointed. "I'll take the one with the straw-berries on top!"

French pastry has always been my weakness.

Writer's Cramp

By AL MARTIN

"To the pure, all things are pure."
And I don't mean to be sarcastic when I misquote the Bible.

* * *

I am looking forward to seeing Mae West plying "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Clark Gable doing the Alger series.

* * *

The "Rover Boys" would make a great vehicle for the Four Marx Brothers. But then, so would a bicycle.

* * *

Elinor Glynn might get herself a term contract—three weeks—writing gags for Mickey Mouse.

* * *

Noel Coward could dissipate his subtleties on newsreels.

* * *

Regardless, there are going to be clean minds in this village, but in answer to the professional reformers, I would like again to quote from a poor memory: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone . . ." Now, folks, reach for your pebbles.



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Hints to Writers

By
STEPHEN CONCORD

"WE'RE NOT DRESSING," a Paramount picture: The story of a wealthy girl, her rich uncle and a group of wasters who are shipwrecked on an island with one of the yacht crew. The sailor forces them to accept his command and plays "Taming of the Shrew" with the girl.

DIALOGUE:

She—I know. You remind me of that butler in a play—what was his name?

He—Crichton.

She—Yes, the Admirable Crichton.

• • •
"Uncle Vanya's Igloo"; The story of a Russian serf in the Sixteenth Century. He belonged to a prince (swell part for Harry Gerguson Romanoff) who has a little daughter in delicate health (later goes to Heaven). A baron with uncouth manners living nearby has a mortgage on the prince's cherry orchard. Poverty stricken, the prince sells the serf, Uncle Vanya, at auction. The baron buys him. As the baron is about to strike Uncle Vanya with his black-snake:

DIALOGUE:

"Uncle Vanya's Igloo": The story Massa—jess lak ah read in a book by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Baron Legreekovsky—None o' your lip, you over-educated varmint. (He strikes him.)

• • •
Dr. Heckle and Mrs. Sykes—A comedy: Mrs. Sykes is head dean at Caracul School for Girls. One night, after reading Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," she finds herself turning into a man. Hastily gathering her wits about her, she writes a note saying she had had a nervous breakdown and introduces her temporary successor, Dr. Heckle. In her new character of Heckle, she gets the idea of training the girls in the dormitory to go out and work a clever real estate swindle she has thought up. The girls are very modern, call themselves "twists," and wear bathing suits to classes and when calling on customers. (Swell opportunity for songs and chorus effects—suggested song: "In a Cooky Little Nook in Brentwood.") One of the girls has anemia; her name is Olivia and they call her Olivia Twist. She has to eat oatmeal to get enough vitamins, and because of the drought in the Middle West (tying it up

Distribution

By
KENNETH THOMSON

THE "clean pictures" campaign now being waged by various religious and reform organizations is the direct result of the present absurd method of production and, more particularly, distribution. The instant the screen began to talk it must have been apparent to any thoughtful person that each picture must be written, directed and acted for a definite audience and not addressed to the motion picture public as a whole. We should have been far-sighted enough to realize the absurdity of a theatre showing a sophisticated Lubitsch comedy one week, following it with a Mae West production and then, perhaps, with "Alice in Wonderland."

For the past few years we have not been engaged in the motion picture business but in the theatrical business. We have been accused of borrowing too much from the stage, but in fact we have borrowed too little. We should have borrowed the knowledge that each theatre must cater to its own audience. If you go to the Empire Theatre in New York you stand no chance of seeing a burlesque show and, conversely, you will not see Katharine Cornell if you buy seats for Minsky's.

This method, or an adaptation of it, is the only sure solution of the censorship problem. That it will be difficult and perhaps expensive to inaugurate is unquestionable. That it will be less expensive and dangerous than these recurring battles with the powers of reform is undeniable.

with current events) the price of oatmeal has soared. Later she falls in love with a boy whose father owns a farm in Canada and she changes to bran. But before this happens she gets Heckle-Sykes down on her for demanding so much oatmeal. This scene is a honey, with pathos, laughs and everything, ending up with a cute dance. The refrain runs something like this:

Easy pickin's
What the Dickens
Ta da ta da, vo de do;
Even Steven (carry over line)
Son, I'm leavin'
I'll be your little Treasure Island
Do si do.

THE GULLS

by
REPPUT.

From sear and lonely
Wastes of sand
A spectral-moving,
White-winged band
Of silent Gulls
Goes out to sea;
There cradled on
The ocean's breast,
Above the ocean's heart,
They rest—
Thus fly the thoughts from
Me to thee.

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THE D. O. S. HOUSE has done a lot of depledging lately. Bobbie Presnell, Wells Root, Talbie Jennings and Larry Eyre checked out to make room for the "Copperfield" unit. Georgie Cukor, Howie Estabrook and Hughie Walpole have the joint practically to themselves, with the exception of the Mank freres who are doing various chores for various producers . . . Joe Mankiewicz, because of his ability with the Hitler language, is collabing with Fritzie Lang on "Tomorrow." That, incidentally, is when they expect to have the script finished.

"Copperfield" getting colossal cast: Laughton, Lawton, Skipworth, Lew Stone, Lizzie Allen, Lizzie Young, Lionel Barrymore and other Britishers of note . . . Moncktie Hoffe home to the old country on a three months leave . . . Maj. Yardley and Emmett Rogers collabing . . . Herm Mankie drew Liz Borden as a teamie on "Dolly," which is the next Harlow and has Fleming calling censorship takes . . . Wallie Wise and Ethel Scholes jerned . . . John Paddy Carstairs over from the Isles.

Sammy Marx took a powder to Panama without making any assignments on whom was to write this tripe . . . Ralphie Spence, recovered from his fa-loo, taking photos of his miniature r. r. which has a service station by the depot named Brown & Freed . . . Ersk Caldwell has two farms: Maine and S. Caroline. Owns both of them for what a Ford costs in Paris . . . Allie and Fran Hackett grabbed "Ah, Wilderness!" instead of going to Skowhegan. Nice head work . . . Rumored that Jim Barton gets the Nat role since Will Rogers doesn't want it. Or maybe Wallie Huston.

The Yachters staged the Wilmington-Isthmus regatta with Harv Gates grabbing off a first and Dickie Schayer tailing him . . . Edgar A. Woolf beefing because the boss' new bungalow going up outside his window puts him in the dark . . . Hirske Segall got nabbed at 70 on his way to Caliente, but the Mex croupiers got him for much more . . . Gottie Reinhardt and Marcel Achard tossing off hot Yankeeisms at the 50-50; i. e. "Nothing to write home about" and "Don'tcha feel sorry for the keed?" . . . Salka Viertel breaking up under "April In Paris" at the same joint . . . Chas. Lederer, ex. v. p. of the Hecht-MacArthur firm, straightening out Kalmar & Ruby on the new Davies chore, called "Movie Queen," which makes Sidneh Skolskeh eligible for the Guild.

Jawn Farrow finally directing that short what's been promised him all these years . . . Pinnie Wolfson's book going great . . . Zoe Akins deciding to go to Univ. instead of having her appendix out! . . . Geo. Seaton rubbing down Davie

M. G. M.

By

LEO THE LYIN'

Selznick's new football yarn . . . Artie Kober back from the Valley and sweating out a C-G, as is everyone else on Ye Lottee . . . Jas. Durante going for the "We Want Cantor!" rib wherever he turns . . . L. B. hopping off to Yurup rather than listen to another Hoppie "idea."

Clarke Gable doing 19 at the Skeet field . . . Greta watching the fire on her set from the dressing room balcony. They wouldn't let her get any closer for fear the fire wouldn't last! . . . Red Dolan back from Mexico and New York, now entered in the obstacle race on "Any Port in a Storm" . . . Eve Green and Rollie Leigh laughing themselves sick over the Selwyn operetta they're cooking up for Evelyn Laye and R. Navarro . . . Loos & Emerson maybe off to New Yawk before another fortnight. You oughta hear what Anita thinks of the Pope . . . Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Theatre—with Myrna Loy . . . Johnnie Mahin got his div—(censor cut) . . . Harvey Thew yapping about that vacash . . . Jim Me-

Guinness is still solo-ing . . . Donnie Stewart throwing lots of parties for the Pulitzers and they throwing them back at him . . .

Bob Montgomery talking to Helen Gwynne for thirty minutes before realizing she was on the Reporter—THEN! . . . Frank Morgan getting his niece, Claudia, married . . . Otto Kruger off for a rest . . . F. Tone's gardenia wilting in the heat. Come, come, Joan—you're slipping! . . . No word from the Spewacks since the S. F. strike . . . Joe Sherman still wondering whether he's a writer or not . . . Get Carey Wilson to tell you about that iceless cocktail shaker a gadgeteer slipped him . . . Fran Marion is getting to be a producer or somethin' . . . Wells Root got lip personing at his own cocktail party . . . Helen Hayes pinning for Charlie and the Babe at the Bev-Wilsh . . . Junior Hammerstein boiling in his pent-house, he says, but it's more likely the yarn.

Robbie Young has lost twelve chins . . . But Jeanette MacDonald got her Ritchie back . . . Berne Schubert has a good chance of selling his play to the atelier . . . Annie Harding is on her way over from Gower strasse for the Sin Behrman play . . . Didja see that new Lincoln that Chas. Butterworth went and bought? . . . Bill Hanneman, the individualist, wearing the DOS pin.



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Maj. Mel S. Forrester

Many men take stuff out of bottles, but Major Forrester puts stuff in them—solid chunks of wood and iron several times larger than the bottle necks, baffling science. His hobby, however, is building exquisite little ship models—clippers, four-masted schooners, full-rigged—inside small-necked containers. Before the war he put motion pictures inside of cans. Mel S. Forrester was a director. He volunteered for overseas service. After eight years in a hospital, and after holding responsible government positions, he returned to the flickers. The Major justly feels that those who have devoted their lives to pictures should be given preference by casting directors. He believes that a seasoned troupier should be in every casting office, and that a member of the Actors' Guild should be on the lot to settle disputes for Junior Guilders.



Lillian R. Drew

Forty years ago she sang in John Considine Sr.'s Seattle music hall. Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. "The Little Girl With the Big Voice," was the billing. Top bookings. She trouped in the Klondike during gold-rush days, is still troupier, and says she'll be troupier for another thirty years. And who should know such prophetic things better than Mrs. Drew herself? She's an ordained minister of Psychic Science. When the family purse strings went flat as a punctured balloon a few weeks ago, she prayed, had a vision, saw clearly Charles F. Reisner, saw his place of abode, sent him a message, and a few days latter, she and Clayton Drew (they've been married forty-odd years and separated only two nights) were working on the M.G.M. lot in "Student Tour." Ten lines, to be exact. Top booking or ten lines, what does it matter—just so one's a trouper?



Bee Stephens

Platinum blonde Bee Stephens is a student whose destinies have been carefully guided by her mother—a character actress of ability. At the age of three, Bee was taking dancing lessons. Now she's twenty-one. She has studied dramatics in many schools, also piano, violin, voice, Spanish, French and German. Her stage debut was made with the Emma Bunting Stock Company in San Antonio, Texas—where drama is still judged by the Fall of the Alamo. She began acting in pictures just before they began to talk, and has proved herself useful and ornamental before the camera for six years. She swims and rides horseback and, on almost any clear night by looking into the sky, she can read her future, her ambition: she hopes some day to be numbered among the stars.

ASTEROIDS

Viewed
by

Repput

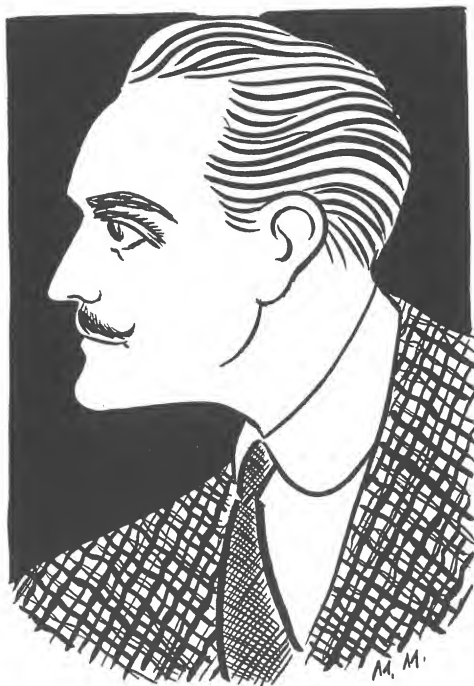
Drawn
by

McGowan Miller



John Alban

He's been in the ring and knows, and knowing says you have to fight harder in the picture game than in the squared circle. Therefore, he likes it. You've seen him on the covers of national magazines. Has also been an aviator. Hails from McKeesport, Pa., where they make steel. Has gone hungry to buy books. "You have to develop your mind to cope with the material universe." Has ridden the rods. He's done many things, all in his determined effort to attain success—which he will attain, he is confident, even if he has to wait until he is as old as George Arliss. Looks like John Barrymore, and like him he has been hungry. When he appeared in a prologue at the Chinese Theatre, he had gone forty-eight hours without food. If you saw that prologue, you'll remember his work.



Claudette Colbert

"She maybe has limbs like the gal in 'The Barker,'" was a line from some gay doggerel composed back in the Terrible Twenties and run in a Winchell column, and all New York knew instantly that the poetaster meant the doe-orbed bewitcher who played "Lou," the snake charmer in that carney opera. Born Chauchoin in Paris, she came to this country in 1913 when hardly out of rompers. Wanted to be a dress designer, but failed to set Seventh Avenue on fire. In N. Y., at a tea party, asked Anne Morrison for a bit in her forthcoming "The Wild Westcotts." In Hollywood since 1923. Likes blue, jig-saw puzzles and the dirges of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Called on Ring Lardner at the hospital and fourteen internes rushed in and poked thermometers in her eyes and ears.



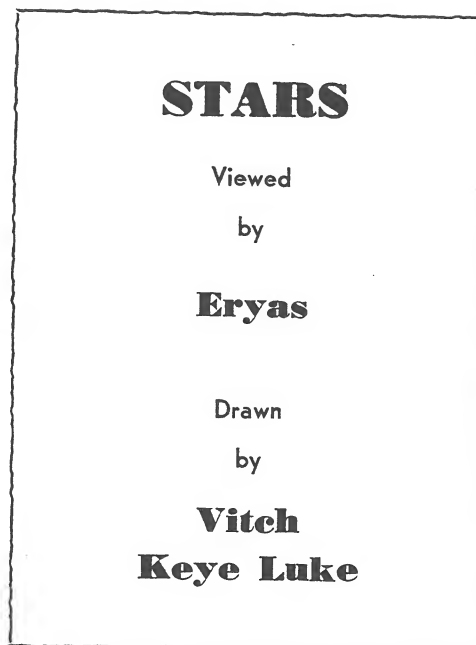
Edward G. Robinson

Has appeared in probably more first rate stage plays than any other actor in pictures, his splendid work in such opera as "Androcles and the Lion," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "The Firebrand," "Racket," "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Adding Machine," "Peer Gynt," and "Juarez and Maximilian" come readily to mind. Also did seven more for the Theatre Guild. First trod the boards for money as "Sato" in a Binghamton performance of "Paid in Full." First hit in a vaude act written by himself, "The Bells of Conscience." Also wrote "The Kibitzer," with Jo Swerling. Born in Bucharest thirty-nine years ago. Family name Goldenberg. Speaks eight languages and collects pipes. If he couldn't be an actor, would like to be a Cook's guide on a perpetual world tour. Into pictures in 1923. Considers his greatest flicker "Little Caesar"; his worst, "The Hole in the Wall." An M. A. from Columbia, he was a gob during the War.



Arthur Byron

Scion of a family older in the American theatre than the Barrymores and a nephew of the late, great Ada Rehan, this veteran artist is an embodiment of all that is fine in show business. Made his debut at the age of eighteen in the company of his father, the celebrated actor manager, Oliver Doud Byron. Was leading man to Maxine Elliott, Maude Adams and the Eternal Ethel, and with her uncle, John Drew, in a long series of successes. Once played "Sherlock Holmes" in Newark. Created on the stage, Eddie Robinson's flicker part in "Five-Star Final." Another memorable role that thrilled this generation of theatre-goers was his District Attorney in "The Criminal Code." Is unbudgingly opposed to any and all censorship and thinks legal action for restraint of trade should be brought against the religious bodies which are now urging boycott.



Henrietta Crosman

Married to Major Maurice Campbell, erstwhile Prohibition Administrator for the Manhattan area. After a most distinguished career on the stage, she had decided to close her makeup box forever when M-G-M enticed her from her home in Pelham Manor. Vehicle: the memorable "Royal Family"; part: the delightfully hamfat mother of Ina Claire and Freddie March; result: a tremendous success for la Crosman. Was dismally lonely out here at the start, but has been happy since she discovered Hollywood's Times Square quality of drawing everybody on earth to its padded bosom at least once in a lifetime. Acting before a camera nearly drove her mad at first, but one day caught sight of a juicer squinting at her between short circuits, and that eased her.



The Call Board

SINCE the last issue of The Screen Player went to press the following applicants have been elected to membership in the Guild:

Brian Aherne
Barbara Barondess
Warner Baxter
Violet Kemble Cooper
Joan Crawford
Dorothy Christy
Sara Haden
Paul Lucas
Doris Lloyd
Francis Lederer
Siegfried Rumann
Helen Twelvetrees
Howard Truesdell
Raymond Walburn
Douglass Wood

The membership committee, under the chairmanship of C. Henry Gordon, is functioning efficiently and each week sees more converts to Guild principles. Any information about membership may be obtained from Mr. Gordon or the Guild office.

* * *

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GIFTS, THAT I MAY
BE PROUD OF EACH
SELECTION I MAKE.

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HOLLYWOOD

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Many Guild members are being helped through this period of unemployment by the Drama Department of the SERA. A cast of more than 100 members of this department presented a dramatization of Washington Irving's American classic, "Rip Van Winkle," on July 24, 25 and 26th in the Greek Theatre at Griffith Park.

Until the SERA was organized in Los Angeles county no provision for employment of actors, actresses, musicians, and allied workers had been made in work relief projects in their own field. Under the sponsorship of SERA, approximately 800 of this worthy group of professionals have been accorded the means of sustaining themselves and their dependents in their chosen professions.

To avoid conflict with professional theatres, the SERA drama projects presents only plays which are either classics, unsuited for the professional stage, or untried original plays which have passed a board of review. Another unique feature of the organization is that actors and actresses playing leading roles in one production may play minor parts in the next. Box-office draw does not fix the salary of members of the cast. Salaries depend entirely on the size of the family and the need of the workers.

The Guild is heartily in sympathy with the effort of the SERA to help unfortunate members of our profession help themselves by practising that profession.

* * *

July has been a month of meetings for the Board of Directors. With the regular Board meetings, the NRA Agency Committee, the preliminary meetings of the actor representatives on the Five-Five Committee and meetings of the joint editorial board for the magazine, the office lights burn far into the night. Every member owes a debt of gratitude to the faithful workers on these committees and also to the Guild widows and widowers. These latter have been surprisingly patient to date, but we can expect a storm of protest at any time.

* * *

The actor representatives on the Five-Five committee are Robert Montgomery, Ralph Morgan, Claude King, Richard Tucker and Kenneth Thomson. The alternates are Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Chester Morris, Paul Muni and Pat O'Brien.

These committee members, all nominated by the Guild, will have the difficult task of negotiating a set of fair practices between actors and producers. The final result will affect the working conditions of every actor in the industry.

The committee will make an effort to cover every point at issue between actors and producers and arrive at an agreement which will correct many of the abuses now common. You can help the committee by sending any suggestions you may have IN WRITING to Mr. Montgomery in care of the Guild office.

* * *

The editorial board of "The Screen Player" in finishing its work and becoming part of the joint board of "The Screen Guilds' Magazine" wishes to thank those contributors and advertisers who made our magazine possible. The board cannot express its relief at passing the burden of publication to the able writers who will be chiefly responsible in the future.

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The Junior Guild

THOSE who have made application for membership in the Junior Guild and have failed to pay the entrance fee have until August 1st to remit. After that date the entrance fee will be raised from \$2.00 to \$10.00. The Board of Directors decided to raise the initiation fee in order to compel those who accept the benefits of the Guild to carry their share of the burden. Many players who are not members of the Guild or have made no effort to contribute to its support, immediately call our office whenever a cause for complaint arises. Many have received adjustments through our efforts and have failed to show their good faith by paying the exceedingly modest dues.

A case in point is that of a company which returned from a location trip of several days duration. When the extras received their salaries they found that one full day's pay had been deducted. The Guild was informed of the situation and in less than two hours collected from \$10.00 to \$15.00 for every extra in the group. Nevertheless, several of these extras have made no move to join the Guild. In another case, which was mentioned in the last month's issue, a group of striking longshoremen were called off the set due to the efforts of the Guild. This, of course, created employment for some twenty extras. Two of the group who benefitted by our efforts have since refused to join the Guild. Our members should convince these extras that they must do their share.

In view of the above cases, it is refreshing to be able to publish a letter from one member who takes the trouble to show her appreciation for what the Guild has done.

June 26, 1934.

Dear Mr. Blair:

I wish to thank you for your courtesy and stick-to-it-ive-ness in regard to my salary claim with the Foy Studios. It certainly was settled satisfactorily and as promptly as possible under the circumstances.

I feel that I have enough vision to look ahead and see some of the ideals the Guild has, and believe me I am with you 100 per cent.

Yours very truly,
NORMA LESLIE.

Letters like this do a great deal to compensate for the carelessness and thoughtlessness of some of our members.

To refer again to the case of the striking longshoremen, the Junior Guild recently was able to repay in a measure their cooperation. The Union gave a benefit dance at Long Beach, and asked the Guild to provide entertainment for the occasion. Mr. Blair called upon Theodore Lorch of the Tony Pastor Theatre Company and Mr. Lorch furnished several splendid acts for the program. Max Asher presented his well known magic act, and Ray Cordell, formerly of the Fanchon & Marco Circuit, acted as Master of Ceremonies, and introduced the Mayor and many Long Beach dignitaries. The entertainment was a great success and reflected credit upon the Guild. We wish to thank everyone concerned.

EVERY OTHER PLACE

By Gouverneur Morris

You who look down on Hollywood
And you who frown on Hollywood,
Have you at home in your own towns
More satisfactory ups and downs?

We hold no brief for Hollywood,
Nor saint nor thief in Hollywood.
The sinners and the virtuous
Are so much applesauce to us.

With tongue in cheek view Hollywood,
Unbiased peek at Hollywood,
Dwell without shame in Hollywood
And play the game in Hollywood.

Good luck, bad luck, virtue, vice
Pleasant things and things not nice
Rackets, snatches, falls from grace,
Ecstasy and grief and moan
Spell not Hollywood alone—
They spell every other place!

This month the ladies take first place in the membership drive. Florence Wix, Mildred Mernie and Bee Stephens each brought in more than her quota. Frank Floyd has done excellent work among the dancers. Florence Wix deserves special credit for adding one more important star to the Senior Guild membership. With earnest workers like these in the field it is not surprising that the Junior Guild membership now includes approximately 90 per cent of the working extras.

Members of the Board of Directors of the Junior Guild do not receive any salary from the Guild. They give their time and effort freely. When they are working on sets, therefore, it is unfair for Guild members to expect them to act in any official capacity. If you have a complaint, take it up with Mr. Blair at the Guild office. Mr. Blair is paid to take care of all adjustments, and it is your duty to report the complaints to him so that they may be settled through regular channels. We wish to impress upon all Junior Guild members that this procedure is the only one sanctioned by the Guild. Do not, under any circumstances, cause any controversy while you are working. Avoid all arguments, do your work faithfully, and then file your complaints with Mr. Blair.

* * *

Efficiency

An extra working on a \$10.00 check spoke a line. The scene was rehearsed several times, shot twice. The Assistant then offered the extra an adjustment of \$5.00. The extra stood on his rights under the code and demanded a \$15.00 adjustment. The assistant called the front office, and after a lengthy conversation, informed the extra that the shot would not be used. The scene was then retaken without dialogue. The assistant saved the company \$15.00. How much did it cost the company to tie up production for an hour and make the re-take?

* * *

Sam Appel has been appointed to the Advisory Board, representing the Mexican extras.

* * *

Pat Somerset, one of our most valued Board members, has been appearing with Miss Jane Cowl in San Francisco, playing an important role in the New York success "The Shining Hour." The play opens in Los Angeles this week. The Board of Directors wishes Mr. Somerset great success on his return to the stage.

* * *

Important notice to all Junior Guild Members!

If you change your address or telephone number, please notify this office at once, so that our records may be kept accurate, and we can inform you of the Guild's activities.

* * *

Dues are due on August first for the quarter which ends November first.

Song and Story

By EDWARD ELISCU

WHAT is a song writer? (The customary question is: why is a song writer? But we'll get to that later.) Is he a naive son of the pulsating times, untainted by individual artistry, unconsciously creating folk songs that will be sung repeatedly and tenderly when Barrie and Barry and Beery are only mumbled memories? Is he a sallow-faced illiterate who, between midnight and the blushing dawn, puts together a musical and verbal jig saw puzzle which takes no longer to read than a sonnet and yet brings him the royalties of an "Anthony Adverse?" Does he by day haunt music publishers to listen to some nostalgic effusion about a city or state so far shunned or overlooked by others of his craft, or importune comedians to gobble up his novel number, "Since Micah No Lika to Play the Balalaika?" Or does he wait dreamily for a million romantics to croon, "I love you," in the particular way he has fashioned it—without in the first place having been encouraged or even asked to write it?

He is none of these. Not in Hollywood. He is sunburned. His output is large; his royalties are small. He works in an office, and under orders—more like Edgar Allen Woolf than Edgar Allan Poe. Instead of delving into his trunk or into some uninhabited cerebral nook for an idea which sounds strange yet familiar, and needs only to be printed and distributed, he must consider other factors when his effort is to be scrutinized on the screen. Incorrigibly wild or incongruous notions are out of the question, and words must have meaning. He must have a sense of the fitness and an appreciation of the entertainment value of his contribution, quite apart from its potentiality as a hit. The song must blend gracefully with the mood of the moment.

A glance at the roster of successful tune and lyric writers reveals such graduates of operetta, musical comedy and revue as Sigmund Romberg, Rodgers and Hart, Kalmar and Ruby, Harry Warren, Richard Whiting, Harlan Thompson and a host of other good Screen Writers' Guild members who are familiar with dramatic and comedy values as well as melodies and rhymes. Those who have not worked in the theatre have learned since plunging into talkies how to hew to the straight story line. The team that fights for a song hit at the expense of the picture soon commits suicide.

A handful of us who have been transferred from the book-and-lyrics field to

story-and-songs realize the importance to the studios of closer cooperation between "writers" and "song writers," as it is practiced in concocting stage productions. Treating the tunesters as a vital organ rather than as an appendix would eliminate a waste of time and money. Confidence in song writers' judgment and ability would help to do away with the hectic rivalry among them which undermines their position. Under fair conditions it isn't necessary for producers to seek two hundred opinions of a number, to become confused, to order thirty songs (by half a dozen competi-

tors) to be written for a picture which requires three, and then to bury some of the unused material and release others in future pictures. In the last case the salary's ended, but the melodies linger on.

In general, the Hollywood song writer should be in the position of the composer or lyricist working under Dramaticomusical contract of the Dramatists' Guild. The man has a real sense of what the public wants. Nothing sweeps the world so swiftly as a popular song. And when it does the song writer collects for years and years.

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Paramount

By FRANCIS MARTIN

DANA BURNET off to Putney, Vt., to chore on his play, "Still Life," which will be performed by Ye Little Putney Players . . . Fifty-five writers took dives under tables the other day when the late Bernie Fineman strolled into the commissary . . . Merritt Hurlburd recently suffered so terribly from insomnia that even the S. E. P., which he once associate-edited, couldn't put him to sleep . . . Walter DeLeon again endangering the lives of Lake Arrowhead boaters with his aquaplane . . . Jack McDermott ducking Pablo, his old Filipino house boy, Pablo claiming the master borrowed his white suit to wear during the hot spell and refuses to return it . . . Hal Raynor, who writes the songs and gags Joe Penner rowels the ether with, was once a full-fledged parson over back of Passaic . . . What is the low down on Bill Lippman's collaborator during his story conference in Mexicali over the Fourth? . . . Harry Ruskin back here, after loanout to U. A., with his hand in a splint. Opinion divided whether mitt was broken explaining gag or slapping Goldwyn on the back . . . New building will house biz. mgrs., while writers will be sprinkled into biz. mgrs. former cubbyholes . . . David Hertz, a nevvvy of Jno. Masfield, British Poet Laureate . . . another cloud of Penner writers seen chirring over the eastern horizon . . . the McNutts, R. & L., dropped hooks off Catalina and returned with a record catch of speckled sunburn . . . apathy terrific here among scribes on receiving those dandy brochures from the Academy of Motion PAAS . . . J. P. McEvoy snapping the knout over a secretary and two assistant scrawlers as he simultaneously prepares a script, the Camel Hour, a Hearst daily column and a mess of slick paper serials . . . Tony Veiller bulging the walls of the administration bldg. as he bellows dictation at a trembling steno . . . John O'Hara drawing tickets from motor cops with a frenzied magnetism . . . Nat Ferber once hammered epidermis in a Turkish bath . . . Harold Lamb, world's foremost authority on the Crusades, found out C. B. knew more about them than he did, though the Maestro never heard of the Grail Point-to-Points up to a fortnight ago . . . Cedric ("Women-bah-Liquor-yah") Worth lifting anvils on another Runyon . . . scribes bumping heads trying to peek through transom at Arthur Hornblow's piperola of a relief secat'ry . . . Leon Gordon, the wriactor scripting "Sacrifice," fixed himself up a colossal part in it as the Chink heavy, General Ping Lee.

Job Lots

By EDWIN MARTIN

TEN O'CLOCK and all seems well along the writers' row at RKO-Radio . . . except that H. W. Hanneman hasn't shown up yet . . . which is not exciting . . . it's always like this . . .

But we can't start the day until he does . . . it's Wednesday when this is being written . . . and he is always here on Wednesday . . .

Despite the fact that he's been loaned to M-G-M to do some important writing on the new Joan Crawford picture, he always shows up on Wednesday . . . because Wednesday has long been an important day on the RKO lot.

And there he comes, a little sheepishly up to the cashier's window . . . and he reminds us of the old saying: "shame is the most delicate of sins."

And "Bill" carries the torch of shame gracefully . . . his faults are complements of his charms . . . or something.

We have been very good friends with writers at the start of many poker games . . . or maybe it was black-jack . . . or even dice . . . and most of us are still speaking . . . but hardly a member has not been adroitly called home when he was several dollars ahead . . . and we have sped many a one of them along his way with a hearty hope that he would fall down and break his neck.

We saw George Stevens, the director, and Jack Townley, the writer, sitting in a movie at a de luxe house . . . but in a back seat.

"Gosh, I'm worried, I see little black specks in front of my eyes," remarked Jack.

"Don't be alarmed," replied George. "That's the picture!"

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, working for the first time on the same lot . . . at Fox . . . and both dashing home for a quick luncheon and a brief look at their young daughter, Melinda . . . the Ralph Pulitzers, yes, the prize family, are entering the Chateau Marmont, after a day of studio visiting . . . and Hans Kraly, enthusiastic over the fact that he has become an American citizen and can sing and recite perfectly "The Star Spangled Banner," which is something we bet a lot of American-born writers couldn't do . . . Madeline Blackmore and Sada Cowan enthusing over the success of the production of their play, "Napoleon Had It Too," in Greenwood Lake, N. Y. . . . Austin Parker says he dislikes people who talk

(Continued On Page Twenty-seven)

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Out of the Frying Pan

(Continued From Page Five)

"Aw, Shucks, Wilderness, Can't You Take a Joke?" But it wasn't a joke, because Will turned out to be a regular honest-to-God stage-actor, thereby bitterly disappointing several thousand ex-legitimate actors who'd come out here to break into this movie game, and who'd counted heavily, but with misplaced confidence, on Will's falling down on that Oklahoma face of his and cutting a deep gash on the floor. Since John Drew passed on, Will's is the only face left that's practically exclusively all profile.

The Utopian movement was advancing by leaps and bounds, and day by day was enlisting the Utopers of this community, amateurs as well as professionals.

George Creel was running for Governor of California—my Georgie!

Upton Sinclair was running for Governor of California—your Upsie!

Several hundred owners of deathless names that nobody ever before had heard of also were running for Governor of California and the crush was becoming so threatening that the cry was being heard: "Women and children first!"

In the first flower of its blooming was the Los Angeles Dock Strike (Number 2 Road Company), the main production having gone on up the Coast at San Francisco for a prolonged run. ("Smash Hit!" — Herald-Examiner), ("Disgraceful!" — Times.)

And then the Clergy launched their crusade for cleaner pictures, if any, and on the following Sunday ten little supervisors, chosen by lots from one of the main plants, and named respectively, Milton, Morris, Irving, Lee, Grant, Gordon, Tudor, Plantagenet, Gothic and Isadore (Isadore hadn't been here even long enough yet to take out his first papers) went into the Catholic Church; and the very next day the Big Eight joined the Purity League and wired on for white ribbons and haloes, average size six, seven-eights; and Warner Brothers bought the screen rights to the Elsie Dinsmore books, "How to Know the Wild Flowers," and Dr. Wilgus' "Diseases of the Horse," and everybody on the Paramount lot went into a desperate huddle trying to find a new name for Mistress Mae West's latest or last opus, "It Ain't No Sin." But in this connection I would suggest: "Oh, Yes, It Is!" Miss West still remains my favorite community Chest. I'd like to see her play Juliet and lean over her own balcony.

And then as though to cap all, I busted

into the movies, not only writing my own scripts, but actually appearing in them, too, thereby making of myself my own worst enemy and my own greatest admirer, because if the script falls flat I blame it on the dope of an author, and if the performer can't interpret the lines I blame it on the lousy actor. Anyhow I won't have to worry about the censorship. We're making a batch of these spanny little two reelers now out at the Hal Roach Studios—I'm being taken short there at intervals of two weeks; and Hal Roach keeps the sex out of his pictures, the same as Lincoln did out of the Gettysburg Address.

I'll admit I didn't like my first tests so much. All of a sudden it dawned on me that shortly before I was born my mother must have been horribly frightened by Corse Payton. I wanted then to call the series, "The Second Coming of the Cherry Sisters' Big Brother." But we're gaining ground all the time. We ought to—it was no handicap race; I started at scratch.

And everybody around the plant agrees that I'm great in what, technically, is called a still. Well, why shouldn't I be?—I was practically raised in one.

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Columbia

By

JIMOTHY OCEAN

When John Wexley submitted a 35-page treatment of EIGHT BELLS in record time to Harry Cohn, he was rewarded with Saturday afternoon off—an unusual privilege on this lot where writers work 6 days a week and like it. The news threw the other scribblers in a panic.

* * *

Judith Kandel believes in Friday the thirteenth. She fell against a chair so hard she fractured a rib and bumped her nose so badly, it's all black and blue. But she's still carrying on for dear old Columbia.

* * *

Stephen Morehouse Avery just missed being initiated up in the studio dining room by not sitting on the electric chair. Felix Young came to his rescue and passed the chair to Zeppo Marx who took it so big, he practically upset the whole table while trying to get out of the hot seat. A good time was had by all the writers.

* * *

Sydney Buchman, Columbia Beau Brummel, has a brand-new suit and wants the whole studio to be proud of it.

* * *

The new bootblack service on the lot is very popular these hot days. The writers like to wear the cool slippers loaned to them while their own shoes are being shined—even if it takes all day.

* * *

Bruce Manning has sold all his neighbors on his beloved New Orleans where they are planning to meet him next Mardi Gras—to find out just how big a liar he is.

* * *

Kubec Glasmon has a lodge in Topanga Canyon which incidentally, means old Indian burial ground. He goes up there to get away from it all and hasn't even a phone to disturb him. For that matter he hasn't one in the studio, either. For all new writers have to learn the Columbia toast:

"Hail to the lot of Columbia
Where writers may not use the phone
Riskin speaks only to Briskin
And Briskin speaks only to Cohn."

Among the Indies.. by LINDSLEY PARSONS

I HEAR THEY'RE HAVING trouble over at Mascot — what with one leading lady named Judith Allen, another actress named Elizabeth Arlen and a baby star named Judith Arlen, all of which is very confusing to the director, Joe Santley, who is rapidly progressing from the state where he doesn't know who he wants to the condition where he doesn't know why he wants 'em. Nice work, Joe . . . Gigi Parrish was in and told Frank Pangborn he would have been swell in "The Green Bay Tree" up at the Playhouse (adv.). Frank says he'll have to take a look at it.

Jesse Lasky Jr. got finished with "The Red Head" at Monogram, and has moved to Fox—a company starting up out near Westwood. Grace Bradley, being red-headed, is playing in the picture. Bruce Cabot is in it too, and persuaded the

producers to wait until Saturday to start, he being a little sensitive about Friday, the 13th, even with a red-head in the cast for good luck . . . Leonard Fields, who directs what he and Dave Silverstein write, took Guy Robertson, Irene Ware and Ed Kennedy over to a chicken dinner joint for dinner the other night. They waited 45 minutes, squawked, and were asked out. The prop man went to the same place, and came back in 15 minutes with four dinners. All in knowing the ropes, Mr. Fields . . . There was a fire in the cutting room Thursday, which burned up three scenes of Guy Robertson singing. Gloria Shea, who played the lead in one of Jack Natteford's westerns, said never, never, never again! Jack wrote in too much riding and Gloria couldn't sit down for a week!

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American Epic

(Continued From Page Four)

269 years old and looks every minute of it. She still wants to go West. The point of the whole story, the point of all American epics, lies in the fate of Wayne's progeny. Because some of them have kept heading West and some have headed back East.

Those that kept faith with American cinema ideals and continued to head West now own stockyards, cattle ranches, and flourishing Bar-B-Q stands; they are healthy, happy, and as dull and boring as their grandpappies. But the east-bound members of the family have really hauled off and given us some action; two or three have gone crazy as coots and run around with their hair in their eyes; one of the girls has married a scion of the degenerate nobility of post-war Europe who openly sneers at her because of her uncouth but sturdily American practice of pouring the fingerbowl over her head at state dinners; all the others have rickets and a tendency toward clip-joint hostesses and pimps. The melancholy question that inevitably pops into the mind of old Wayne Garfunkle as he contemplates this debacle is: Was it, after all, worth it? At which, his mother, now looking like Zara Agha three days after his death, points out that they can still head West again.

Variety's report on this picture two weeks later may be summarized thus: Biz off. Crickets rave but weak \$2,000 forces pic out; replaced Thurs. by Wheeler and Woolsey.

The Independents

(Continued From Page Four)

During the past year these companies have been consolidating their position in the market, and building up their production costs to a point where, even if double-billing is abandoned, many of them will be able to carry on in competition to the Hays office group.

In fact, the main difference that now exists between the larger independents, and the smaller major companies is that the former concerns belong to the Motion Picture Producers Association, while the latter belong to the Independent Motion Picture Producers Association.

The established independents have achieved recognition, and feel that Hollywood is becoming conscious that there are now three distinct divisions in the production field: the majors, the independents, and the "quickies."

The Bird

"While on location, Neil Hamilton hung his topcoat in a tree and, when he returned, found a sparrow building a nest in the side pocket."—News item.

Mr. Neil Hamilton,
Columbia Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Neil:

I imagine you felt just like Fred Keating, the magician, when that bird jumped out of your topcoat the other day on the Warner Bros. Ranch. Only Fred would have reached in the other pocket and produced 150 feet of red ribbon, a live rabbit and an American flag. Better luck next time!

As a matter of fact, Neil, I'm in somewhat the same boat you are: I hang my trousers over the back of a chair every night before retiring and every morning, when I get up, I find my pockets ransacked. I don't know to this day whether it's my wife or sparrows. (There's a suspicious looking nest in the top of a pepper tree out in the yard, and I believe I'll shinny up this afternoon to see whether it's built out of dried grass or dollar bills. If it's currency, I owe my wife an apology.)

I'll bet for a time, there, you thought you were playing the lead in "Bring 'Em Back Alive" or "Wild Cargo." If a camera had only been trained on the incident you could have sold the sequence to M-G-M for a Tarzan picture. I mean, it would have been no task at all for the trick department to substitute a gorilla for the sparrow, cut out the chirping and dub in a roar of a bull elephant. A simple transparent stock-shot and your topcoat would be hanging in the African jungle. Get Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weismuller to swing past on a couple of wired grape vines and there you are!

Being a member of the Audubon Society I always go prepared for sparrows. We're required to carry a pocketful of grain and old bits of string and dried leaves, for nest building, every time we go into the country. So, naturally, I'm quite used to having our feathered friends flit along after me wherever I go. (Usually I get moths for my trouble but the thought back of it is what counts.)

Don't forget, Neil, that you're not the first movie actor who has been given the bird.

Yours truly,

JACK CLUETT.

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THE WORLD

United Artists

By CLYDE BARROW

SEVEN WRITERS stirred spoons in the new Eddie Cantor *pot au feu*, "Kid Millions." Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin, bearing scars from a previous campaign, went the full distance, while Edward Hope and Howard Lindsay, town boys from New York, and Harry Ruskin and Ernest Pagano, local silver screen adepts, seasoned it here and there. Your correspondent put in a quick four months on lit. This is par for the Goldwyn course, and two under the "Roman Scandals" total.

Gene Fowler, two-fisted word-painter, and Bess Meredyth, that sainted woman, finished "The Mighty Barnum" for 20th Century, after which Mr. Fowler went to New York to flex his muscles while Miss Meredyth went to England to do "The Iron Duke," in which George Arliss polishes off the Duke of Wellington for a limey outfit.

While flying around God's heaven over Hollywood, George Oppenheimer, genial executive and man-about-Los-Angeles-County, managed to get his parachute attached to his skull with the plane's ear-phones inside the helmet, so that if he had fallen out, as seemed quite likely, he would have dangled in the sky by the ears, a very absurd spectacle indeed. What on earth will Oppie be up to next?

The Gloria Stuart-Arthur Sheekman nuptials were forecast by Walter Winchell in his column four months ago, but at that time neither Miss Stuart, who is a honey, nor Mr. Sheekman, who is one of Nature's peerage, could believe their own eyes when they read it. Some Winchell!

Courtenay Terrett, who with Leonard Praskins managed to straighten out Herbert Asbury's "Barbary Coast" just as the Puritan whirlwind blew up, wore a fireman's uniform in San Francisco while covering the dock strike for his old sheet, the New York *Herald-Tribune*. He was disguised as a literary firefighter. A realist to the very core,

Eugene Lyons, who as UP man in Moscow saw Stalin plain, is cooking up a melodrama about Soviet Russia for Miss Anna Sten. Shoulder to shoulder with him in this admirable task is Miss Vicki Baum, who pours in the romantic juices, and occasionally Ray Long, giving the story structure osteopathic treatment. At the current writing they are all still on speaking terms.

FLASH! Comrade Lyons has gone to Para, to sovietize for Monsignor de Mille.

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Lloyd George

(Continued From Page Seven)

Director—In 'Of Human Bondage' the boy had a club foot to get him his sympathy, but in your case you don't seem to have anything wrong—so we've got to muss up the love interest a little.

Technical Director—Would you mind if we played you with a harelip?

DLG—(indignantly)—I'd look a bit of an ass, roaming around, sputtering.

BK—What they're trying to do, Dave, is stamp your character. Little eccentricities like that show the audience the kind of man you are. For example, Henry VIII belched. Can you think of anything you do like that?

DLG—(shocked)—That's most unparliamentary.

Director—Suppose we have a little running gag for you—where you have a gold toothpick, and you pick your teeth all through the picture?

DLG—(furiously)—But I don't pick my teeth!

BK—You know that, and we know it, but the public don't. Dave, there ain't a hamlet in England who don't know you—but to the American public, in some cities, David Lloyd George might just be three damned nice fellows.

Author—Well, to continue, I take you through the Marconi affair, and then we fade in on a subtitle—'London—1917.' Just as you are about to marry Margaret, who is getting a little gray now—you see, Mr. George, we're playing her a sweet simple soul, full of repentance—we bring out that she feels she might do better than marry you, but she's doing it to improve you, and it will give her something to do evenings—well, just as the marriage is about to come off, you are appointed Minister of Munitions—and it's cold.

DLG—(with a trace of sarcasm)—My dear esteemed sir, do you realize that in 1917 I was fifty-four years old?

BK—That would make it cold, all right.

Author—Then I've got to look around for another weenie to hang it on.

DLG—May I ask—what is a "weenie"?

Author—It's a strong situation that holds up the interest when it's beginning to sag.

DLG—(frantically; gasping)—So—so, after the full life I've led, you're going to hang a "weenie" on me!

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Double Perfidy

By WALLY WALKER

"WHERE ya goin', guy?" The question stopped the plodder in midstride and he turned a woe-begone face to his interrogator and mumbled, "Down to see the boss and then find me a new job."

"Are ya outta work? Where's the boss?"

"Ah Hell! He's in the cooler, the Feds picked him up the other day and it looks like they are gonna throw the book at him."

"Ya don't say," said the first, "How come?"

"Ain' ya heard?"

"Naw."

"Well, ya see it's like this. Ermine Joe called him the other night and asked him could he get him twelve barrels of good hooch cheap and the boss, anxious to please, tried to fill the order. Now since repeal the boss ain't had one barrel on hand, so that order sorta put him in a hole, but he can always figger a way out so he calls me and he says, Louie, he sez, I want you to get twelve barrels and wire a gallon jug a hooch at the bung of each barrel, then fill the rest of the barrel with water, so I fixes it up swell, gee! You'd never think there was just a gallon of hooch in each barrel, then I went to the boss and told him O. K. and we shoves off for Ermine Joe's place, makin the delivery in that phoney brewery wagon.

"We gets to Ermine's place, you know Ermine he's always flashin' a thou note on someone whenever he gets a chanct. Well he whips out two of 'em and tosses 'em to the boss an' the boss bein' almost flat since repeal ain't got the seven fifty for change, so Ermine, who I thinks is holding heavy, tosses the boss a five case note and the boss gives him two fifty change, yea, he makes twelve fifty on the deal.

"On the way back from Joe's the boss is tickled pink at the fast one he pulled on Ermine.

"The next morning he feels swell so he goes out and gets a new car to sorta celebrate and pays for it outta that thou that Ermine gives him, and when he gets home the Feds are waitin' for him. Now the boss is mad and wants me to put Ermine on the spot, but cripes, I can't do that with the boss in the can and all."

"Wants you to put Ermine on da spot, how come?"

"Well, Ermine, the dirty chiseler, gives the boss queer money for the likker and the boss gives him two fifty change for the paper. I ask ya, ain't that a hell of a way for Ermine to do business?"

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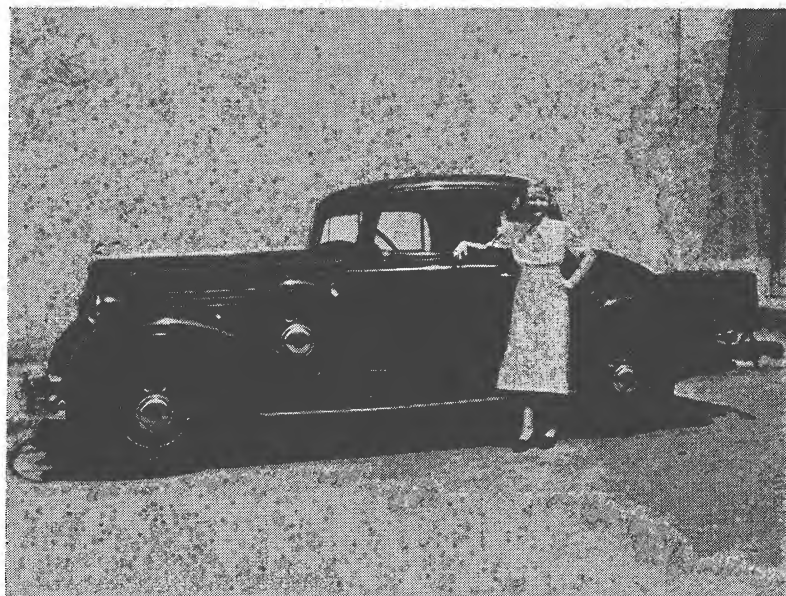


Photo by Shirley Vance Martin

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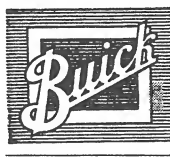
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Death Rattle

(Continued From Page Three)

deluded we may believe them to be. But this list also includes men who were active in the reorganization of the Screen Writers' Guild, men who, despite their Guild membership, have made every kind of effort to destroy the Guild, openly avowing its destruction as their object. Of this kind of treachery to their own fellow workers, the writers of Hollywood are left to form their own opinion. To the honor of the remaining actors in the Academy, a similar attempt to renew an old Academy-Actor agreement has been frustrated by powerful opposition.

The meagre code for writers which the dying Academy seeks to foist upon an awakened writer public opinion was written in 1931. It was adopted by the producers in 1932 on the promise of the writer sponsors that they would publicly acknowledge they were satisfied with it. It did not then represent an answer to writer needs and even less now represents such an answer. The attempt to make the new Academy bulletin appear representative today by printing the names of the original fifty sponsors of the code of 1931 is another indication of the tactics in use in the Academy. Examination of this list discloses that all but a fraction have since resigned from the Academy. Many of them are no longer in the industry. The great majority are now members of the Screen Writers' Guild.

The new code of fair practice which the writer conferees expect to bring out of the conferences under the auspices of the NRA, will, it is hoped, not only reflect an honest and genuine basis of understanding between writers and producers but will also mirror new and changed conditions in the industry. Conferences between actors and producers and writers and producers will begin this week. They are to be initiated by the Deputy Administrator of the Motion Picture Code, Sol A. Rosenblatt, who comes to Hollywood for this purpose.

The committees appointed are:

Actor

Kenneth Thomson, alternate, Ann Harding; Ralph Morgan, alternate Chester Morris; Richard Tucker, alternate Pat O'Brien; Robert Montgomery, alternate Paul Muni; Claude King, alternate Mary Astor.

Producer

Edward Mannix, alternate Fred Pelton; Jack Gain, alternate William Koenig; Frank O'Heron, alternate Al Kaufman; Nat Levine, alternate M. H. Hoffman; Sam Briskin, alternate Abraham Lehr.

(Continued On Page Twenty-seven)

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Death Rattle

(Continued From Page Twenty-six)

Writer

Ralph Block, alternate Gladys Lehman; John Emerson, alternate Rupert Hughes; Dudley Nichols, alternate Seton I. Miller; James Gleason, alternate John Nattelford; Waldemar Young, alternate Courtenay Terrett.

Producer

Irving Thalberg, alternate Hal Wallis; Darryl Zanuck, alternate Samuel Goldwyn; I. E. Chadwick, alternate Larry Darmour; Henry Henigson, alternate Harry Cohn; Sol Wurtzel, alternate Merritt Hulburd.

For the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences, the Screen Actors' Guild and the Screen Writers' Guild need have little to say. The Academy has passed its own death sentence and is singing its own funeral dirge.

But to the producers of the business, the two Guilds, the most powerful talent organizations in the industry, have this to say: The time has gone by when trickery can be used to defeat the just requirements of those who create the pictures shown on the screen of America. The producers of the business have already aroused a hostile and suspicious public opinion among the American people, by tactics for which they alone are responsible. Actors and writers in the industry desire to meet them frankly, honestly and sincerely on a new ground of genuine cooperation, with no knives hidden under the table. It is up to the producers to decide whether they are willing to enter into negotiations in an equally fair and responsible spirit.

Job Lots

((Continued From Page Nineteen))

with their hands over their mouths . . . Liam O'Flaherty, slightly Irish, dropping in to see Gardner James at his Irish Book Shop . . . and Elizabeth Cobb, a "chip off the old block," which, of course, happens to be Irvin . . . and Karen Morley is entertaining some hungry writers at M-G-M . . . and Herbert Yardley, author of "The American Black Chamber," who says he met at M-G-M one of the men whose activities he watched most closely during the war. . . . The man was William von Brincken, former German military attache, interned from San Francisco on suspicion of being a spy . . . and now a successful actor . . . Martin Heflin, editor of the well-known midwestern publication, *The Bandwagon*, visiting here from Oklahoma.

She Leaned Against a Show Case



. . . and with gestures . . . and a voice devoid of breeding . . . dialogued:

"Oh! I have a great, great, big bedroom. And my maid serves my breakfast in bed every morning . . . yes, every morning. Everything that I have is the finest and the best. And . . . do you know . . . one of my maids, last week, sent some of my very, very, expensive pillow slips . . . done in France . . . to the steam laundry instead of our French Laundry."

"Help is just positively insipidious . . . don't you think so?"

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New Fiscal Plan

A FINANCIAL system putting into effect a new scale of dues for the support of the Screen Writers' Guild has been approved by the Advisory Council and passed by the Executive Board. Merits of this new plan are that it will yield a large enough income for efficient operation, involves the least possible amount of confidential information and takes earning capacity into account in an effort to be eminently fair to all members.

Dues will be fixed on a basis of annual earnings from the sale of material and services to the motion picture industry. There are four classes of rating, each paying quarterly dues proportionate to yearly earnings. Members have been requested to give their own rating and upon failure to do so, the rating will be fixed by a committee.

The classification of members will be kept in strict confidence by a finance committee composed of William Slavens McNutt, William Conselman, Joseph Mankiewicz, Johnnie Grey and Ben Markson.

Credit for the final solution of the fiscal problem goes to William Conselman, John Emerson, Johnnie Grey, Ernest Pascal and Lawrence W. Beilenson, who worked with the aid of data and suggestions from former committees which had given months of study to the subject. Full details of the new plan, which is effective July 1st, have been mailed to the membership.

TO GUILD MEMBERS

THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE is sent without charge to all members in good standing of both Screen Guilds. This is a joint enterprise, and every effort is being made to put it on a paying basis.

To this end, contributors donate material, editors donate their services, and you can be of assistance by mentioning the magazine when patronizing advertisers. Also by sending in subscriptions.

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Signed

Screen Writers' Marching Song

Tempo di marcia

Arise, ye movie writers, and cast away
your chains!
They pay us weekly

Arise, ye movie writers, and cast away
your chains! Ex-ec-u-tives are hu-man af-ter
sal-aries, a meas-ly grand or two, And think we ought to work be-cause we're

all! Shall they still re-write our scripts, the chil-dren of our
paid! Shall we yield and do our job? Will you? Will you? Will

brains? And shall we be a su-per-vi-sor's thrall?
you? De-fend the rights the ty-rant would in-vade!

No! No! No! No! A mil-lion mil-lion no's! Not in vain our
Up! Up! Up! Up! At-tack them from the rear! Nev-er shall the

foun-tain pens are filled! The writ-ers all will join, and ex-
voice of art be stilled! Through gor-y bat-tle scenes Drive your

ex-ec-u-tives will loin To mon-ey with the Screen Writ-ers' Guild!
gleam-ing lim-o-sines! Ye he-roes of the Screen Writ-ers' Guild!

Words and Music
By Henry Myers

Anacreonic Chorus by
Paul Gerard Smith

I

Arise, ye movie writers, and cast away
your chains!
Executives are human after all!
Shall they still rewrite our scripts, the
children of our brains?
And shall we be a supervisor's thrall?
NO! NO! NO! NO! A million million no's!
Not in vain our fountain pens are filled!
The writers all will join
And executives will loin
To monkey with the Screen Writers' Guild!

II

They pay us weekly salaries, a measly
grand or two,
And think we ought to work because we're
paid!
Shall we yield and do our job? Will YOU?
Will YOU? Will YOU?
Defend the rights the tyrant would invade!
UP! UP! UP! UP! Attack them from the
rear!
Never shall the voice of art be stilled!
Through gory battle scenes
Drive your gleaming limousines!
Ye heroes of the Screen Writers' Guild!

III

Ye gentlemen and ladies that push the
fervent pen,
The time has come and Freedom is in
sight!
The cudgeled brain grows weary. When a
bottle is your yen,
Have at it! And remember: write is write!
DRINK! DRINK! DRINK! DRINK! Write
a masterpiece
Till twenty thousand pages have been filled.
They'll all be thrown away,
But the producers have to pay
To members of the Screen Writers' Guild!

the HANGOVER

Larry and Elgie

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